Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, ſolus.

NOw is the winter of diſcontent,
Made glorious ſummer by this Sonne of
And all the clouds, that lowr vpon our
In the deepe bowels of the Ocean buried
Now are our browes bound with victorious wrea
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments.
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleaſures.
Grim-viſagd warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled fr
And now inſtead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber,
To the laciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amourous looking-glaſſe;
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nympth,
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfiniſht ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
While I in this weake piping time of peace,
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe dayes:
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,